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Bard

= = = = =

**A furtive life—
always stealing time
from one thing to give another,
from one person to other,
place to place —**

**there are rooms I feel guilty about,
for having left.
For not having entered.**

11 October 2013

= = = = =

**Streams of cloud
rays from an eastern darker son
coming over the Vineyard,**

**holds us, folds us
in that serene radiation.**

**To be on the island
at the end of the light.**

11 October 2013, Cutty hunk

= = = = =

One is the sky.

Two is the rest of me.

Three is you

and there are no more.

Columbus Day 2013, Cutty hunk.

= = = = =

Quiet to be here.

**As if it were enough to accept
all the space into myself**

**or not, depending on it,
only on it. The whole
sky at last,
the limitless sea**

**so simply here,
small, dissolves
into a man's mouth.**

12 October 2013

= = = = =

Most birds winterly anew.

They hear the seed singing on the deck.

**To know no one and be simple
as it seems here.**

**The lucid seeming
Silver cloud on pewter sea.**

12 October 2013

= = = =

Hydrangeas, you
are still blue
waiting for me
getting bluer while the dawn does.

What dawns do. The metabolism
the sunshine.

Pulse of unfamiliar
European cities you pretend
you know from books. Sun!

You have been there,
even now
you give enough light
so the hippies in Prague
can mind their crocodiles,

you've seen it all, or all
that we've dare to show you,
not the stuff we've locked away
in the cenacle of ceiling and doors
where we do things
even we don't understand
then come out and look up at you
and feel slightly foolish,

or look you right in the face
now, as you come up
irresistible over the roofpole
of the old Kidder house,

October now, the sun
like all the other Jews
goes South, the light
bends low to to kiss me
I think

but that'll be the day.

12 October 2013

**The natural spotlight
comes to remind the wakers
that nothing is awake before them
Sanskrit spoken here
the way the waves have always
loved the deciduous forest of language
no word lasts that long
and all words do—I call on the farmer
to sell him some corn, the woman on the corner
reminds me of Our Lord
and yes the waves are Aves too
and every chick a Mary is
until the world changes again
and even those names are forgotten**

**and all that's left is Parker's plaster hill of dreams
and Laura's blue profile pinned to the wall.
Language like Polaroid is obsolete
and always reborning, this word
a snapshot of not even my mind**

**look at it, word, feel the slinky curves inside
the stalwart serifs whereby we make a symnbol stand
long enough for us to spot it ere it crumbleth**

into the yellow loess that winds strew on Peking

from far away—you live there in my wishes

the way a photo finds its way into the sockdrawer

and breaks my housewife heart to see

what science does not dare to remember.

12 October 2013, Cuttyhunk

= = = = =

Rapture evades capture.

The typographer in an old movie

sets up the headlines—

old lies for new days.

Soldiers strut across borders

mocking the local pronunciation.

War is to give young men

something to do when there are

no jobs. Jihad. Metabolism

is the enemy of soul.

But there was still pleasure

rampant on the grasslands of the Central Parallels

the great savannah stretches round the earth—

your puszta, Csongor, is my prairie—

and we're the cattle it means to feed.

And yes she calls out to something in me

I know almost nothing about—almost

is my middle name—some intimate

awareness we share, my brain

an extension of her flesh?

How

could it be otherwise,

born as we are

and how could we forget our first home?

Every loss is the same.

The soldiers are through the first village now,

some fences still are standing

but the goats wander free now.

And in this wantless world each

wonders who will milk me now?

12 October 2013

= = = = =

Wind to keep near the way
voices outside
where the sound comes from
in here only the moaning of the wind
rebuking the brightness of the sun

(Sir only one
and lets us know it)

small white==caps at high tide
the boats of missing masters
bounce on the bay

im telling you this so you know
I am the only one who tells
all the boring bits so that the shadows

ion your body will hear them too
and understand its not all lilacs and leprosy
there is a middle way

a mind quieter than mine.

12 October 2013

= = = = =

As far as he can tell
there is nothing to tell
the seashells have all

been filled with sand again
and again and emptied
by the chastening wave

evrrything prtetrends to be
its normal self-description
outlined in lexicons.

But the fact is he knew better
but had no sense of what he knew,
only that the grass was up to something

and the Montauk daisies chattered
softly under the wind. What
is this conspiracy of the whole

against its frightened part?
He finds some shadow to inhabit
as if the darkwere food and drink.

**It is. He lives on it, let leaves
toss in the wind, let the light
come and go. He doesn't know**

**and knows he doesn't know.
awareness of one's ignorance
is the highest knowledge. Tell**

that to all the fidgety scientists.

12 October 2013

SWOONS OF IT

**and then wake up with her scent on your shoulder
where your face is resting half off your pillow
and it's not light yet. Nothing is ready for you.**

**You think of dakas, dakinis. There is one
single girl in all the world, one single boy.
She manifests in countless instances of young,
just as he does. Light-hearted, tipsy happy,
aggressive, caring, responsible. He has a big
fierce dog and holds it firmly. She laughs
and touches your shoulders as she passes.
She never looks back. By the time
you notice her she has gone into another.
And he's in the soldier you fear, the athlete
you cheer, the boy you smile at on the bus.
I think all the women in the world have
been her once or twice, all the men
spent an hour or two as him. The boy.
The girl. Eternal. never far, but
never count on them. They're always
on the way to being somebody else.**

12 October 2013

= = = = =

Listing them in order. The hill.
The hazard. The ball rolling down.
The dog. The broken pavement.
Sunset. The light behind you. You.
This is all about the person I think.
I think you are. Tradesmen interfere
but their goods are sacred, comely,
thingly, actual, serene. But the hazard,
the hilltop, the stone. And over the wall
a darkness in the trees like Eden.
Or before we got here. Wherever it is.
Whichever came first. The ball, remember,
red I think or green. More thinking.
I want to get them ranged in true order.
easy as gravity. Rolling down the hill.
I watched the sun setting behind clouds.
I'll never get to know you as you really are,

12 October 2013